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JANE



HEIDI



MIRREL

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Jane

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
BASIL CRAWFORD-SMITH



Guys, we bet what we know what you'd like to find in your Christmas stockings! Jane is where we'd put our money, amongst other things. And our Christmas belle says she'd be only too happy to oblige. "I had a dream the other night that I was the first female Father Christmas, and it was my job to visit all the naughty boys Santa missed out and give them what they wanted for Xmas," laughed Jane. "By the end of the night I'd slid down a hell of a lot of chimney stacks! I quite fancy the thought.





After all it is the season of goodwill to all men — or at least as many as I can manage!"

Jane's real job this Yuletide is helping out in her local off licence. "I really enjoy working there at this time," said the 21-year-old who received so much fan mail last time she appeared earlier this year she couldn't wait to come back for more. "Everyone's in such a good mood, and you can flirt outrageously with the guys. I'd love to wear this outfit in the shop on Christmas Eve, and give the good-looking ones an Xmas flash! They'd need a drink after that!" **M**









PHOTOGRAPHS BY RALPH MEDLAND

Curvaceous Kim Reynolds is hoping that Santa Claus is going to bring her something pretty special this Christmas... snow. The 21-year-old dancer from Los Angeles reckons that the white stuff is a sure-fire recipe for having as much fun as possible — with your clothes on!

"It's always so hot and sticky here during December," purrs the bubbly brunette, "and I can't think of a nicer way to cool down on Christmas day than frolicking outside on the snow with just a hunky guy for company."









"As well as the snow, though, we'd have to have one of those really quaint English log fires so that we could do some of our very own unwrapping on the special day! I kinda like the idea of this hunk ravaging me in the snow, then carrying me in to the hearth and laying me on the rug to get my breath back for a few minutes. Of course, in return for him being so nice, I'd have to spend the whole of Christmas day naked! That's OK, though: even if the fire burnt low, I could think of lots of way to stay warm!" One look at Kim's 37D-24-36 figure is enough to keep us hot for hours... **M**





















"I'd like to be big in TV," says scrummy Southampton cutey Clare whose 36-inch whammers add some weight to her ambition. "I could be like that Anneka Rice," adds our knockout 19-year-old, wiggling her peachy cheeks convincingly. "Viewers could challenge me to do outrageous things... like sky diving with no knickers on, or cycling the Tour de France topless. I could even swim the English Channel stark naked! I reckon I'd have a go at absolutely anything really as long as it involved what I like doing best — taking my clothes off!"

Challenging stuff indeed, Clare, but surely there must be one dirty deed that even you wouldn't dare do? "Yes, I don't think you'd catch me running the London marathon with my boobs out — I don't want a black eye!" **M**

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
PETER FLODQUIST

CLARE













TRACEY



Tracey knows exactly what she wants for Christmas: silk lingerie and a new boyfriend. "The new man is because my last one left in October, and the lingerie is in case I don't find a man." Sorry? "Silk really gets me going," says the saucy 19-year-old, who measures 34-23-35. "I can slide into a pair of pure white panties and a lacy camisole top, or buckle up a tight basque, and I feel myself melting inside. It's a horny feeling that all us girls know, even if we don't let on to you blokes! A little nimble finger work and... well, the fantasies start to take over then. I just imagine a guy starting to strip the silk slowly off my body... or maybe just edging my panties aside and taking me with all that silk still on. There's something a little kinky about the thought of that, isn't there?"

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TERRY MUNNS









And the guy she's after, is he equally silky smooth? "Oh no! I hate wimps in suits! I like a muscular guy in torn denims. A Chippendale with dirt!" Won't that mess up her panties on Boxing Day? "I bloody well hope so," she giggled. **M**













For a girl who's so obviously good at taking her clothes off it may surprise you to know that amazing 20-year-old Michelle Montague went to fashion college last year to design dresses. "The problem was I spent more time lying on my back with boys than bent over the sewing machine making frocks," giggles our leggy blonde who caused such a sexy sensation when she last appeared in *Mayfair* Vol 26 No 11. "So when it came to our end of year show and I still hadn't come up with anything presentable, I decided I'd be better off showing my birthday suit. All the



PHOTOGRAPHS BY RALPH MEDLAND





proper models were too shy to try out my idea so I stripped off and waltzed down the cat-walk with my tits out and a green, cotton fig leaf covering my fanny.

"I got an enormous cheer from the audience, but the next day my tutor asked me to explain my actions or I'd be flung off the course on my bum. Well, of course I told her she could stick her fancy fashion clothes; the only thing I had designs on was men!" **M**











reizi



PHOTOGRAPHS BY JACK HARRISON

"I'm studying architecture at University," reveals 20-year-old Heidi Davenport from Manchester, who's making her debut in *Mayfair*. "And, luckily for me, the class is all made up from blokes, apart from myself and another girl, which means I'm never short of male company if I fancy a night out on the town."

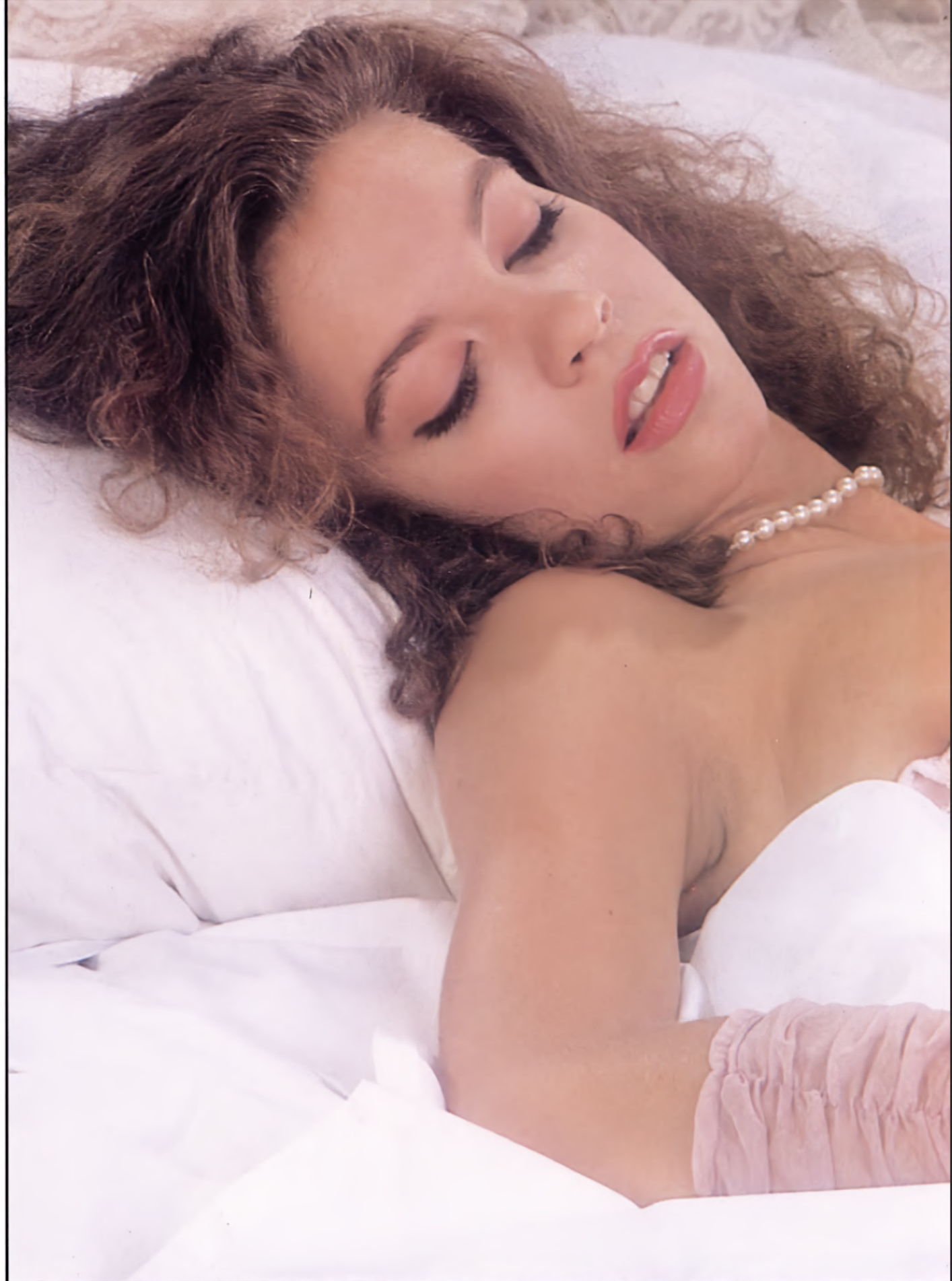
"I think my lecturer has a crush on me too," giggles the 33-22-34 bubbly brunette, "and, of course, being a natural flirt, I tend to play





up to him. Take yesterday, for instance; I wore a really nice, tight-fitting shirt, and I left a few buttons undone at the top. I wandered over to him and asked for some help with my work. His eyes slowly wandered down to my cleavage, and to his embarrassment, I caught him! Now I seem to getting top marks for everything... at this rate, every architect in the country is going to want to employ me!"

Who could blame them, Heidi? Even as we speak, we're trying to persuade the Editor to redesign the *Mayfair* offices. After all, we couldn't really let a girl of your skills pass us by too quickly, could we? **M**











RAYMOND REVUEBAR
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MAYFAIR

GIRL OF THE MONTH

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MAYFAIR

GIRL OF THE MONTH

h e i d i



naomi

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DONALD MILNE



Wat-er little beauty our Naomi is: barely five feet tall, measuring a petite 34-22-33 and full of erotic Eastern promise, the nubile 19-year-old admits to having felt a bit out of her depth when she first came to Britain from her home in Thailand. "Everyone is



so much taller than me, especially men," laughs the diminutive temp now living in Windsor. "When I talk to a man I have to stand on a chair! Maybe that's why the first person I slept with in this country was another girl—men are far too tall here to ever catch their eye! But don't be shocked by my bisexuality, please," insists naughty Naomi. "At home we are very open about sex and it is not at all unusual for girls to make love with each other." Shocked? Us? Never! **M**









PHOTOGRAPHS BY TERRY MUNNS

THE GIRL NEXT DOOR
karen



"There's nothing like working from home," says 20-year-old legal secretary Karen Hillier, as she showed *Mayfair* around her two-bedroomed flat in Edinburgh's Morningside. "I do all my work from here now, and before you ask, no, I don't get lonely! My neighbours are great, and as they're all fairly young, they come round to visit a lot. We all share the same interests: socialising, theatre... oh, and sex! To be honest, I'd have to say that they're a very liberated bunch!"

"When I first moved in, the people two doors along invited me and half the neighbourhood to their house for a barbeque... although it turned out to be a lot more than that!"

"They've got an indoor swimming pool," giggles Karen, who breasts the tape at a healthy 36D-26-35, "and let's





say that I sort of forgot to bring along a swimsuit! After a few too many Babychams, I ended up in the pool starkers. It didn't really matter though; nobody else seemed to mind. In fact, by the end of the night, just about all the guests ended up skinny-dipping too. Moving into this area has certainly put a sparkle into my sex life!

"The house next door to mine is empty at the moment, and I just hope that the people who move in are as broadminded as the rest of us; otherwise they're in for a big shock!" **M**















mirrel

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BARRY JONES

Bubbly brunette Mirrel reckons her two favourite things in life are men and... er, men; and the 19-year-old legal secretary from Camberwell, who measures 34C-24-36, is hoping that Santa Claus fills her stockings with something tall, dark and handsome come the 25th of December.

Although Mirrel admits to her fair share of admirers at the office where she works in trendy Docklands, she insists there's no-one there she fancies sharing her bed with at the moment. "I'm afraid they're the stuffy shirt 'n' tie type," laughs Mirrel, "not my sort at all... I like my men rough and ready."

So what will Mirrel's dream man like? "Oh, it won't be just the one!" she laughs. "No, I'm far too polite to give any man the brush-off! I'm a girl who needs an unbelievable amount of



attention; both in and out of bed. I've often got three or four boyfriends on the go at the same time. I guess I'm not the sort of girl who's easily satisfied!" **M**









LETTERS

WE WELCOME ALL YOUR VIEWS, COMMENTS AND ANECDOTES. PLEASE WRITE TO 'LETTERS', MAYFAIR MAGAZINE, 2 ARCHER STREET, LONDON W1V 7HE

MELANIE MANIA

I don't know how you guys at *Mayfair* do it, but you do it very well! Vol 26 No 12 was the best yet. Was it just my eyesight or was there a horny girl baring her naughty bits on every single page? Every time I turned over I was

behind her panties made me go gaga – and, as you can probably tell, I still haven't recovered! Please show Melanie's amazing body again soon. It might just finish me off, but I'd die a happy man!
R B, Kent

...AND MORE MELANIE MANIA!

They say you learn something everyday, and when I saw lovely Melanie Granger in Vol 26 No 12 I learnt that I actually fancy girls. I always thought I was straight and I love fucking my boyfriend more than anything, but since seeing sweet Melanie I just can't stop thinking about her.

I'm always fantasising about opening her cunt lips, and dipping my tongue into her sweet love-hole. I'd love to bring her to orgasm, as I'd love to know if a girl with such an angelic face as hers curses and swears like I do when I come.

So,

crowd, swapping stories of their latest stocks and shares and boasting about their two week holidays in Antigua, when I noticed a very pretty girl at the end of the bar waiting to be served. Unlike men, who seem incapable of appreciating attractiveness in people of their own sex for fear of looking funny, I enjoy the sight of attractive girls, which is why I buy *Mayfair*. It doesn't mean I'm a lesbian or anything, though even before my encounter I'd never closed my mind to a relationship with another girl.

As soon as I'd finished serving another crowd of suits, I approached the girl at the end of the bar and asked her what she would like to drink.

of red wine while I'm waiting, please."

"You can't drink alone on your birthday," I said, trying to cheer her up and wishing I was a guy for the day so I could give her that kiss she so badly wanted. "I tell you what, if you can come through into my office at the back we could have a drink together and I'll send one of the girls out for some cake too." For a moment she hesitated, then her eyes lit up and she smiled in agreement. "Come on," I said, grabbing a big bottle of bubbly, "let's celebrate in style!"

The girl, who revealed that her name was Sarah, followed me into the office, so it wasn't until we were sitting comfortably side by side on the couch that I noticed her sheer black stockings and gorgeous slim legs coming out from the bottom of a short red velvet dress.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 10

my sweet Melanie, if you're ever interested in a bit of lezzie loving, I'm always ready, willing and able!
C M, Birmingham

PRETTY IN POLLY'S

What brought me to writing this letter was the sight of Sally's sexy *Pretty Polly* stockings in your last issue. As soon as I spotted the fine mesh covering her lovely legs it sparked off the memory of a lucky liaison I had with a girl whilst going about my job as a Bar Manageress at a well-known West End wine bar last year.

I'm sure you can imagine how often men come in and try to chat up the bar maids, but it's not often that a lady customer beats them at their own game. It was a Friday lunchtime and the wine bar was packed with the portable phone



"What I'd like and what I'm going to get are two entirely different things, more's the pity," sighed the smartly dressed blonde, her eyes dropping from my attentive gaze to my little cleavage. "What I'd really like is someone to wish me happy birthday and give me a nice big kiss, but this lot in here are more interested in their wallets than women, so I'd better settle for a large glass



amazed

to see more and more really beautiful girls doing what they like best – taking all their clothes off and having a good time for the camera.

So you can imagine how breathless I was by the time I came across your gorgeous centrefold, Melanie. Her plump, pink pussy pouting at me from the page and poking out from



As we chatted I couldn't help trying to get glimpses of her fabulous body and the tipsier I got the longer I looked, until suddenly, half way through a conversation about orgasms of all things, Sarah noticed me staring and I blushed bright red.

"I hope you're thinking what I'm thinking, Anna,"

she said to me, her voice quivering slightly as she reached her hand out and laid it gently on my thigh,

"because if you're not, then I think

I just made a bit of a fool of



myself."

I reassured her that although I had never had sex with another girl, ever since I had seen her lovely, long legs I had wanted to change that as soon as possible. We came closer together, our foreheads touching as I brushed Sarah's silky hair from her face and placed my first lesbian kiss upon her succulent red lips. Sarah returned my kiss, nibbling slightly on my lower lip then sliding her soft tongue into my open mouth. I almost swooned in her arms as we hugged and lay back on the couch.

Sarah took the lead as she lifted her right leg over my thighs and hooked me closer to her. I ran my hand up the fine material of her stockings, sending shivers up my spine and tingles through my

CONTINUED ON PAGE 20



This is the later more...
Naturalistic period

PHEW! BOT



9.03am, Leicester Square: a couple of early birds offer a worm's eye view



10.15am, Charing Cross Road: the curtain goes up in the heart of theatreland



10.48am, Knightsbridge: London's traffic problems have their good side: our snapper snatched these two in the same jam!



Let us take you by the hand and lead you through the streets of London; we'll show you something that'll give you a raging stiffy and no mistake!

Yes, in case you didn't know, last summer was the official Summer of Lust and London was where it was all happening. The streets were positively paved with pussy. Stunning girls stripped off all over the shop; shedding their winter woollies and ribbed tights for see-through tops and tight, skimpy skirts. Where weeks before there was thick, thermal padding, now there were glimpses of nipple and eyefuls of nubile bottom. Even the most prudish girls were seen to



11.08am, Covent Garden: our man had no problem smiling for this tourist's happy snaps



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10
soaking wet pussy. My hand progressed to the hem of her dress and I paused for a second, then Sarah placed her hand on mine and guided it in the right direction. My hand slid up her creamy thigh and felt for her panties — but to my amazement Sarah was bare beneath her dress. “No bra either,” she

whispered in my ear. “Spoils the contours.”

I giggled as I ran my middle finger along the length of Sarah’s sticky slit, then slipped it inside. My new lover moaned and lifted my own skirt to poke her hand into my pubes.

“Mmm, that feels wonderful,” murmured Sarah as I began to frig her growing clitoris and rub her succulent folds of skin together beneath her skirt. “Lick me there, please, Anna. I



want to know what it’s like to have a girl’s tongue inside me.” So I slid down Sarah’s body, kissing down her neck and uncovering her pert boobs on my sexy journey. Sarah lifted her bum and pulled her dress up to her tummy, opened her legs and pulled me gently into her grinding crotch.

I poked out my tongue and licked up the length of Sarah’s sweet-smelling pussy. I’d only ever tasted my own juices before and this was something entirely different! I began to lick hard and fast, then slow and gentle, varying the rotation of my tongue until I could feel Sarah’s thighs begin to tighten and her pussy spasm. Suddenly my efforts were rewarded with a mouthful of female flavour, filling my senses and making me come without even placing a finger inside myself.

I didn’t even hear the knock on the door when the bar girl came back with a birthday cake for Sarah. All I heard was a gasp and an “Oooh sorry, I didn’t know I was interrupting anything!”

The poor girl was so shocked at



I'm not too keen on Brandy... but the St. Bernard was delicious

the sight of her boss with her head between the legs of another bare-breasted girl that she dropped the cake! As she began to try and clear up the mess I turned to her and said, “Don’t worry about that now, dear. There’s more exciting work over here. I want my pussy

sucked and my boobs licked, and birthday girl Sarah here is going to help you.” And with that the two girls set about stripping me off and happily making love to every inch of my body.

Later, when I woke up to find the two of them gone, I got up to get dressed, remembering our amazing time together, when I felt a tickling in my cleavage and looked down to see Sarah’s sheer black *Pretty Polly* stockings stuffed into the front of my bra. Now I wear them every time I go out to catch a guy or a girl — they work every time! Anna, South London

FEELS ON WHEELS!

My wife and I have been married for five years, and I’ve sometimes wondered if the spark is going out of our sex-life; but on our anniversary, Jacqui managed to cause some real fireworks!

CONTINUED ON PAGE 29

mayfair reads

A New York radio show specializing in crime fighting was offering rewards for anyone who phoned in with details of criminal activity. The show’s host was shocked when a man called to say that he’d just murdered his wife and could he claim the \$50 on offer for reporting it. The host agreed, figuring it was a practical joke, but police arriving at the address the man had given found that he had in fact killed her and was waiting for the radio station to deliver the money. He was arrested and when later questioned said he did it because he was a bit strapped for cash. — *New York Times*

A crippled convict was given a new lease of life by the

Italian prison authorities who arranged for him to be fitted with artificial legs. Franco de Cesaris had to have his legs amputated after an industrial accident. Instead of thanking them, Franco — who had been confined to a wheelchair for the last eight years — did a runner. After he’d been taken to hospital to have his limbs fitted, he attacked the guard, stole his money and phoned for a taxi to take him to the Yugoslavian border. — *Novello 2000*

A South American beauty queen had breast surgery — to make her wobbly bits smaller. Ylanda Rodriguez was eager to win the title of Miss Venezuela, but felt that her tits were too big and detracted from the rest of her body... so she went ahead and paid \$2,000 to have them reduced. She

jokes

Irishman Mick O’Malley picked up a Glasgow streetwalker and went back to her flat. Sadly, Little Mick had a tiny dick, and unluckily for him, the woman had a huge fanny. As you can imagine, their coupling was not a great success.

“And they say,” sighed Mick, “that all the Scots are tight...”

“Oh, that’s just a myth,” retorted the hooker, “like the one about all the Irish being thick.”

What do Mikail Gorbechev and an Essex girl have in common? They both get fucked on their holidays.

What’s the difference between a Jehova’s Witness and a Skoda? You can close the door on a Jehova’s Witness.



needn’t have bothered, because she didn’t win anyway. — *Independent On Sunday*

mayfair hears

‘Some days it’s great to have a fuck and other times I make do with a blow-job.’ — Billy Idol on pleasing himself.

‘Hickory Dickory Dock
Some chick was sucking my cock.
The clock struck two,
I dumped my goo,
And wiped it all over her frock.’ — Andrew Dice Clay.

‘Do I give good head? I don’t have to.’ — Madonna.

‘Someone once described me and my tits as the only girl who left the Smokey Mountains and took two with her.’ — Dolly Parton.

Land of a Thousand Dantes

Leonardo Da Vinci was not just a great artist he was also an inventor. Indeed he was pretty much the Clive Sinclair of the Quattrocento; forever coming up with brilliant, but completely impractical, inventions – a flying machine, a submarine, dehydrated water and a tiny electric car that fitted snugly under the wheels of a lorry. Leonardo was also a keen naturalist, botanist and exhibitionist.

Leonardo was a classic example of what we know today as Renaissance man. Perhaps the best summary of which was provided by Hugo Ego-Massager, editor of the 14th century's most popular magazine 'GHQ' (Gentlemen's Hind Quarterly) who wrote: 'Modern man likes art and sex; guys with large peccs; exploratory quests; boys in vests; a pretty new outfit and reading horseshit'. So obviously nothing much has changed when it comes to the readers of glossy men's style magazines.

One of GHQ's most popular contributors was the Florentine poet Dante. Dante wrote 'The Inferno' which was a massive success. The sequel 'Towering Inferno' was even more popular. Dante also wrote 'The Divine Comedy', a history of Aldershot FC.

But Renaissance man was also a great debater. Indeed there was nothing he liked better than to have a mass debate with friends.

A typical discussion went something like

A Herd of Wild Borgias

Through all his debating Renaissance man came to discover many facts about human existence and the world in which we live: the earth is round; the heart pumps blood round the body and no matter how hard you try, the top of the Tippex bottle always gets clogged up with little white bits. One of the greatest scientists of the age was Copernicus. Copernicus was named after his mother who would drop her pants if you gave her a penny. Copernicus worked out that the earth revolves around the Sun. Something which greatly cheered Rupert Murdoch.

The other great thinker of the 14th Century was Galileo. Galileo calculated that, as there was no wind on the moon, a feather and hammer dropped at the same time would hit the ground simultaneously. Blimey! No wonder they had him locked up. Who knows what he'd have discovered next.

But of course the Renaissance wasn't all just art, invention and poncing about in hats that look like a cow crapped them: there was also a good deal of mindless violence. The city states of Italy were perpetually at war. Large armies, usually made up of Swiss mercenaries, marched around the place beating the shit out of one another with cuckoo clocks and giant Toblerones.

Pride of place amongst all the ruthless and tyrannical families of Italy must go to



this: Gino: "The earth is round!"

Luigi: "Don't be ridiculous! If the earth was round all the seas would run down the sides and drip onto the, er... whatever it is that's underneath."

Gino: "The sky!"

Luigi: "You daft git! The sky's above the earth, anybody can see that."

Gino: "Oh let's forget about the shape of the earth and invent something that removes the hair from women's legs?"

Luigi: "Great!"

Gino: "No, I think that would be rather painful."

the Borgias. The Borgias were so evil they make the Krays seem like the Brady Bunch. They were aided in their schemes by an unscrupulous philosopher, Machiavelli. His name and the fact that he was a total bastard have lead many historians to conclude that Machiavelli was the first recorded Scotsman. This is an outrageous slur. He was nowhere near as mean.

The most evil of the Borgias was Lucretia. Lucretia was very much the Keith Floyd of her day. Her beef stew contained more additives than Ben Johnson and was likely to have you sprinting for the toilet just as quickly. Her most famous creation was the belladonna kebab. Suffice to say this poisonous concoction was nowhere near as deadly as the modern doner.

LETTERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20

We went out for dinner, and by the time we left the restaurant it was quite dark. I'd left the car parked in a quiet side street, and we sat there talking for a while and playing soft music. As I went to turn

the key in the ignition, Jacqui put her hand over mine and smiled naughtily.

"Let's not go yet," she said. "I've got a little surprise for you." And with that, she began to slide her skirt up over her thighs. Under her dark



suit, my normally conservative wife was wearing sheer black stockings, frilly garters, and scarlet satin panties!

I was pretty shocked, and also incredibly turned on, as Jacqui took my hand and placed it over her pussy mound. I could feel her juice seeping through the satin, and she moaned as I stroked her firmly.

"I've been horny all evening thinking about fucking you right here in the car," she admitted. When we first met, we often used to do it in my car, or downstairs in her parent's house, and the risk of getting caught really made it seem thrilling. I could feel my cock swelling in my trousers as the memories came flooding back.

Jacqui unzipped my flies and pulled out my pole. Her red lips wrapped around it and she started to suck, running her tongue up and down it to drive me crazy. Then she pushed my seat down so I was lying on my back, slipped her panties off and straddled me. She rubbed my cock all around her pussy lips so it was sticky with her juice, before she sank down on me and began to ride me. We both came at the same time, and we gave the car's suspension a pretty good beating in the process!

Jacqui left her panties off, and the way she kept fingering her cunt as I drove home had me ready for a very energetic session by the time we got inside. It was the best anniversary present I've ever had! Michael, Blackpool

DOUBLE DELIGHT

My girlfriend has had a few lezzie relationships in the past, and I always get very horny when she tells me about them. But I never thought I'd be lucky enough to actually see her in action, until she found herself a new hairdresser!

Carole called around to our place one night while I was out with my mates. I expected to come home and find my girlfriend Sandra with a smart new hairdo; instead I found her rolling around naked on the bed with Carole!

The two of them looked really good together. Carole has long blonde hair and a slim, athletic body, while Sandra is small and dark, with big boobs. The sight of Carole rubbing and fondling Sandra's tits and fingering her fanny

had my cock bursting to be free of my jeans.

The girls suddenly noticed me standing there, but they didn't care, they were both so aroused. When they got into a 69 and I saw Sandra holding Carole's plump pussy lips apart, so she could get her tongue right inside, I gave up all attempts to restrain myself, and started to wank myself off. I shot my load when Carole pulled a big dildo out of her handbag and slid it into Sandra's wet cunt, pumping it in and out until my girlfriend came.

Now Carole and Sandra put on

CONTINUED ON PAGE 42



'Hot-lips', that's my nick name

lezzie shows for me quite often, and although they haven't let me join in yet, I'm hoping it won't be long until our first filthy threesome!

Darren,
Wolverhampton

GAME FOR A LAUGH!

Everyone's heard of strip poker, but me

and my flatmate Louise have found most party games can make an evening go with a bang if they're played the right way! We usually warm our dinner-party guests up by turning the heating up high, so everyone



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off their jackets and jumpers. Then we play charades – but we pick the titles ourselves, and we make them really rude!

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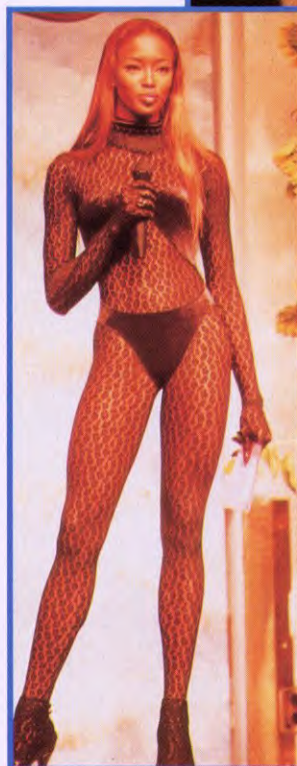
We don't care what you're known as... The bank would prefer you to be known as Miss Nugent...

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Above left: thighs the limit for Emma Ridley, Right: Model Naomi Campbell, Below: Page Three cutie Katie Orgill.



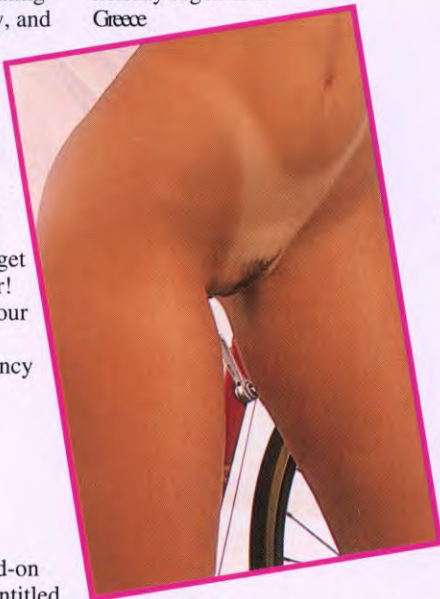
Below: the perfect white Christmas with Mayfair girl Anita.



meal with one item of clothing – for guys it's their trousers, and for girls it's either their bra or panties. Finally, dessert will be something really creamy, and they have to eat it with their fingers. By this time, couples will be disappearing into the bedrooms to get

time that it takes for her thick brown curls to grow again).

When I first met Gillian she had soft, downy hair on her fanny, which went wispy along her crack and continued slightly onto her legs. It was only when we went on holiday together to Greece



that Gillian decided her pubes just had to go as they were poking out rather a lot from the crotch of her swimming costume. So it was out with the scissors and her Ladyshave, and while I settled down between her



legs to watch, she trimmed away the hair where her legs met the rest of her lovely body. I could tell my wife was getting excited as she snipped at her pubes, as small droplets of creamy come formed on her love-lips.

Eventually she was left with a sort of pubic mohican which she kept all holiday and made me more rampant than ever in bed. It drove me crazy to see the smooth, pale skin showing either side of her slit. Gillian was very tender in this region for some time, so she loved it when I laid gentle kisses and licks all over it.

In the weeks that followed Gillian

experimented with a small tuft of pubes at the top of her pussy before, one Saturday night, progressing to a completely clean-shaven fanny. Suddenly it was as though I had a new woman in bed, her lush, pink lips exposed to me properly for the first time. They were a joy to lick and suck! I say 'were' by the way, because in the last few weeks Gillian has grown her pubic hair back all over and is about three inches long in some places. She says she is waiting for enough hair to try out the amazing Laurel Canyon Sweep that you mentioned in *Mayfair*. I just can't wait!

B H, Manchester **M**

HAIR BARE BUNCH

I read with interest (and a hard-on for that matter!) your article entitled *The Shape Of Things That Come*, concerning the changing trends in pubic hairdressing. I am lucky enough to be going out with a girl who loves to change her pubic patch as often as possible (which is about every three weeks, given the



See in 1992 with a pair of familiar friends — In our naughtiest ever New Year *Mayfair*, munchy Melanie's back... and her front too!

Volume 26 Number 14
is on sale December 19.

Next month in Mayfair

As we chatted I couldn't help trying to get glimpses of her fabulous body and the tipsier I got the longer I looked, until suddenly, half way through a conversation about orgasms of all things, Sarah noticed me staring and I blushed bright red.

"I hope you're thinking what I'm thinking, Anna,"

she said to me, her voice quivering slightly as she reached her hand out and laid it gently on my thigh,

"because if you're not, then I think

I just made a bit of a fool of



myself."

I reassured her that although I had never had sex with another girl, ever since I had seen her lovely, long legs I had wanted to change that as soon as possible. We came closer together, our foreheads touching as I brushed Sarah's silky hair from her face and placed my first lesbian kiss upon her succulent red lips. Sarah returned my kiss, nibbling slightly on my lower lip then sliding her soft tongue into my open mouth. I almost swooned in her arms as we hugged and lay back on the couch.

Sarah took the lead as she lifted her right leg over my thighs and hooked me closer to her. I ran my hand up the fine material of her stockings, sending shivers up my spine and tingles through my

CONTINUED ON PAGE 20



This is the later more...
Naturalistic period

PHEW! BOT



9.03am, Leicester Square: a couple of early birds offer a worm's eye view



10.15am, Charing Cross Road: the curtain goes up in the heart of theatreland



10.48am, Knightsbridge: London's traffic problems have their good side: our snapper snatched these two in the same jam!



Let us take you by the hand and lead you through the streets of London; we'll show you something that'll give you a raging stiffy and no mistake!

Yes, in case you didn't know, last summer was the official Summer of Lust and London was where it was all happening. The streets were positively paved with pussy. Stunning girls stripped off all over the shop; shedding their winter woollies and ribbed tights for see-through tops and tight, skimpy skirts. Where weeks before there was thick, thermal padding, now there were glimpses of nipple and eyefuls of nubile bottom. Even the most prudish girls were seen to



11.08am, Covent Garden: our man had no problem smiling for this tourist's happy snaps



A SCORCHER!



forget their shyness and throw off their togs, many leaving only the barest essentials to cover their modesty.

As the *Summer of Lust* spread, beautiful girls in micro-minis forgot to put on their panties and wiggled down the road as if trying to hold a playing card between their bumcheeks, and well-endowed women ran shameless and braless through

the Royal Parks.

We sent our crew of quick-flash cameramen onto the streets at the height of the action to give us the low-down on just one throbbing day of the *Summer of Lust*. As you can see from our street-level snaps, 1991 was a year to remember, but next year promises to be even better – the *Summer of Sex, Sun and Free Drinks for Everyone at the Bar!* (Well, maybe not, eh?!).



2.50pm, Regent's Park: the zoo may be going, but the pussy is here to stay



12.37pm, Holborn: she's not very old, but at least she comes ready-rubbed



Left – 1.20pm, Soho: you can always find a tasty titbit to nibble on in the heart of London



4.50pm, Mayfair: the temperature peaks at 100 degrees, but cool couples still find it bare-able



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10
soaking wet pussy. My hand progressed to the hem of her dress and I paused for a second, then Sarah placed her hand on mine and guided it in the right direction. My hand slid up her creamy thigh and felt for her panties — but to my amazement Sarah was bare beneath her dress. “No bra either,” she

whispered in my ear. “Spoils the contours.”

I giggled as I ran my middle finger along the length of Sarah’s sticky slit, then slipped it inside. My new lover moaned and lifted my own skirt to poke her hand into my pubes.

“Mmm, that feels wonderful,” murmured Sarah as I began to frig her growing clitoris and rub her succulent folds of skin together beneath her skirt. “Lick me there, please, Anna. I



want to know what it’s like to have a girl’s tongue inside me.” So I slid down Sarah’s body, kissing down her neck and uncovering her pert boobs on my sexy journey. Sarah lifted her bum and pulled her dress up to her tummy, opened her legs and pulled me gently into her grinding crotch.

I poked out my tongue and licked up the length of Sarah’s sweet-smelling pussy. I’d only ever tasted my own juices before and this was something entirely different! I began to lick hard and fast, then slow and gentle, varying the rotation of my tongue until I could feel Sarah’s thighs begin to tighten and her pussy spasm. Suddenly my efforts were rewarded with a mouthful of female flavour, filling my senses and making me come without even placing a finger inside myself.

I didn’t even hear the knock on the door when the bar girl came back with a birthday cake for Sarah. All I heard was a gasp and an “Oooh sorry, I didn’t know I was interrupting anything!”

The poor girl was so shocked at



I'm not too keen on Brandy... but the St. Bernard was delicious

the sight of her boss with her head between the legs of another bare-breasted girl that she dropped the cake! As she began to try and clear up the mess I turned to her and said, “Don’t worry about that now, dear. There’s more exciting work over here. I want my pussy

sucked and my boobs licked, and birthday girl Sarah here is going to help you.” And with that the two girls set about stripping me off and happily making love to every inch of my body.

Later, when I woke up to find the two of them gone, I got up to get dressed, remembering our amazing time together, when I felt a tickling in my cleavage and looked down to see Sarah’s sheer black *Pretty Polly* stockings stuffed into the front of my bra. Now I wear them every time I go out to catch a guy or a girl — they work every time!
Anna, South London

FEELS ON WHEELS!

My wife and I have been married for five years, and I’ve sometimes wondered if the spark is going out of our sex-life; but on our anniversary, Jacqui managed to cause some real fireworks!

CONTINUED ON PAGE 29

mayfair reads

A New York radio show specializing in crime fighting was offering rewards for anyone who phoned in with details of criminal activity. The show’s host was shocked when a man called to say that he’d just murdered his wife and could he claim the \$50 on offer for reporting it. The host agreed, figuring it was a practical joke, but police arriving at the address the man had given found that he had in fact killed her and was waiting for the radio station to deliver the money. He was arrested and when later questioned said he did it because he was a bit strapped for cash. — *New York Times*

A crippled convict was given a new lease of life by the

Italian prison authorities who arranged for him to be fitted with artificial legs. Franco de Cesaris had to have his legs amputated after an industrial accident. Instead of thanking them, Franco — who had been confined to a wheelchair for the last eight years — did a runner. After he’d been taken to hospital to have his limbs fitted, he attacked the guard, stole his money and phoned for a taxi to take him to the Yugoslavian border. — *Novello 2000*

A South American beauty queen had breast surgery — to make her wobbly bits smaller. Ylanda Rodriguez was eager to win the title of Miss Venezuela, but felt that her tits were too big and detracted from the rest of her body... so she went ahead and paid \$2,000 to have them reduced. She

jokes

Irishman Mick O’Malley picked up a Glasgow streetwalker and went back to her flat. Sadly, Little Mick had a tiny dick, and unluckily for him, the woman had a huge fanny. As you can imagine, their coupling was not a great success.

“And they say,” sighed Mick, “that all the Scots are tight...”

“Oh, that’s just a myth,” retorted the hooker, “like the one about all the Irish being thick.”

What do Mikail Gorbechev and an Essex girl have in common? They both get fucked on their holidays.

What’s the difference between a Jehova’s Witness and a Skoda? You can close the door on a Jehova’s Witness.



needn’t have bothered, because she didn’t win anyway. — *Independent On Sunday*

mayfair hears

‘Some days it’s great to have a fuck and other times I make do with a blow-job.’ — Billy Idol on pleasing himself.

‘Hickory Dickory Dock
Some chick was sucking my cock.
The clock struck two,
I dumped my goo,
And wiped it all over her frock.’ — Andrew Dice Clay.

‘Do I give good head? I don’t have to.’ — Madonna.

‘Someone once described me and my tits as the only girl who left the Smokey Mountains and took two with her.’ — Dolly Parton.

lezzie shows for me quite often, and although they haven't let me join in yet, I'm hoping it won't be long until our first filthy threesome!
Darren,
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Below: the perfect white Christmas with Mayfair girl Anita.



THE TWELVE LAYS OF CHRISTMAS

The best way to enjoy Xmas is with lots of stuffing and all the trimmings, but what do you give the girl who does everything, and how? Bill Shipton makes sure you are in a position to enjoy yourself...



ON THE FIRST DAY OF CHRISTMAS...

Hang her stocking on the bedpost, and ask her to tie you to it. Repeat with all four corners of the bed until you are tighter than the blokes in the pub. Then let her ride you as enthusiastically as a kid who got a cowboy hat for Christmas!

ON THE SECOND DAY OF CHRISTMAS...

It's Boxing Day, so pamper her box! Treat it to 24 hours of tender loving care. Give her clitty a bigger licking than you got from your five-year-old nephew playing Nintendo!

ON THE THIRD DAY OF CHRISTMAS...

Drive out into the country at midnight, and make love in a field. Keep warm with several quick bonks followed by a slow tender one, under a duvet if really chilly. Exhibitionists can let shepherds watch their fucks by night...

ON THE FOURTH DAY OF CHRISTMAS...

Whip over to the fridge and fetch



the remains of the cream and pour it liberally over your pecker, then ask her to lick it off. Repeat with other Xmas left-overs, then let her give you a festive blow-job. This is the season of goodwill to man...

ON THE FIFTH DAY OF CHRISTMAS...

Go carol shagging! Do it standing up in someone else's doorway until they throw a bucket of water over you or give you money to listen! Singing at the same time is optional...



ON THE SIXTH DAY OF CHRISTMAS...

After eight, curl up together nude in your favourite armchair with a box of wafer thin mints and eat them from wherever you like. Repeat with the chocolate orange, Matchmakers, Milk Tray etc until she has a soft centre and you have a hard one. Screw gently – otherwise you'll be sick.

ON THE SEVENTH DAY OF CHRISTMAS

Everybody likes a little lick at Christmas so wine her, dine her and 69 her. You'll both lap it up! After she's spilt a few wee drams, she'll be crying out for a stiff one!

ON THE EIGHTH DAY OF CHRISTMAS...

Sit her on hands and knees by the roaring fire, pull out your yule log, and give it to her from behind. Most girls would like a little doggy for Christmas – but first do make sure she can give it a cosy home.

ON THE NINTH DAY OF CHRISTMAS...

Invite two other wise men over to help give your girl a real treat. Let her unwrap their presents – one to fuck, one to suck and one to play with. If you can manage it, you might like to join in with a few choruses of "We three wangs of Orient are..."

ON THE TENTH DAY OF CHRISTMAS...

Nip out to the sex shop sales and buy every item of pervy paraphernalia you can find. Squeeze her into PVC, love her in leather and then rubber all over. Video the results and call it 'The More Come and Vice Christmas Show'.

ON THE ELEVENTH DAY OF CHRISTMAS...

Play Rudolf the Red-Nosed Reindeer – bury your face deep into her warm, wobbly boobs and nuzzle them until your nose goes red. Gently bite her nipples – they're nicer to nibble than peanuts



and just as firm, but don't try handing them round at parties.

ON THE TWELFTH DAY OF CHRISTMAS...

After all the exertions of Xmas, we enjoy a quiet evening in – in her, that is. Shut the door on the broken presents, dropped peanuts, stained carpets and mountains of washing-up, go upstairs and enjoy a jolly good fuck in the missionary style – that is, with zeal! After all the Christmas holiday is over and soon it will be time to go back to work for a well-earned rest!



JOYS FOR

Twenty years ago, a daring author called Alex Comfort published a naughty book called *The Joy of Sex*. Illustrated with pencil drawings, it became the book liberated couples kept on the shelf to show they were sufficiently 'with-it' to discuss you-know-what. Some 8,000,000 copies and a sequel (*More Joy of Sex*) later, Alex Comfort has decided to bring out another one.

Joy of Sex 3, or to give it its proper title *The New Joy of Sex*, is still illustrated with O level art class drawings – in colour this time – and a dozen black and white photos plus a lot of the same information for a mere £17.99. (You never know, in another 20 years those dodgy drawings might be in 3D!) The trouble is sex doesn't hold any new joys, just the same ones, so Comfort settles for giving absurd details about some subjects and ignoring others. For instance, if you want to tickle your girl with feathers, Joy 3 actually suggests the correct ones, namely heron or egret (very useful)! Or did you know that the male big toe is "a magnificent erotic instrument" and ideal for clitoral

OUT ON A LIMB

Thighlights from the History of Lovely Legs

Most guys would agree that Kim Basinger looks a million dollars. But one part of her alone is worth that. Her legs. The lissome blonde has insured her perfect pins for a cool million against all risks (except theft, presumably) proving the importance both men and women put on their lower limbs. But what's the big deal? After all no-one goes ga-ga about arms, except Saddam Hussein.

Lithe legs have long been a source of fascination for fellas. Experts suggest this may be because they are all we see of women for the first five years

of our lives. We reckon it's what they lead up to.

Ladies' legs haven't really calfed a niche in history. That's because girls usually kept them covered up under endless petticoats. These women had more layers on them than Joan Collins! Then some early discoverer claimed he'd sighted an ankle. Of course, like Columbus before him, people



just scoffed, and he died a ruined man with a hard-on.

As late as the 1920s a glimpse of stocking was something



shocking but a naked thigh could kill! Then came the Flapper, so called because their displays of calf had men flapping like a golfer's trousers in a gale.

Male suspicions were confirmed in the 1940s when Betty Grable got her gams out for the big screen. Soon Hollywood was in lower limbo! Unless a girl showed a lot of leg on the lot, she'd be thrown off the set. Soon they were coming out in every shape and size, from legs eleven (long and thin) to lavatory legs (thunder thighs with sparrow's ankles). Movies made the leg a Universal object of desire.

Over the years girls with lousy legs have gone to great lengths to cover their calves, but by the mid-60s only micro-minis hid their embarrassment.

Models became famous for their legs, not their faces. From Twiggy to Jerry Hall, legs are open to offers of over a thousand pounds a day. The selling power of a perfect pair is incredible: for the publicity poster of *Pretty Woman*, even Julia Roberts' legs weren't up to scratch – so another girl's were put in their place.

Unlike the changing trends in boob size, men are of a single mind when it comes to legs: like toilet rolls, they should be smooth, strong and very, very long. And with average inside-leg measurements on the increase, figures suggest that women's legs could stretch to unheard-of lengths by the year 2050 – which will be something to look forward to when you collect your pension!

THE BOYS?

stimulation? Not unless you cut your nails carefully it isn't.

The days when such information was a serious selling point are over, but if you want a bumper book of bonking to giggle at when your neighbours drop in for a mince pie, it's ideal.



INTERNATIONAL DATER DATA



"Ve have vays ov making you folke, Frauleine!"

1992 means everyone in Europe will be in a single market – the single market for girls. In order to beat the competition, apart from a hard ECU, the great British bonker needs to be able to chat-up the Frauleines, the Mademoiselles and Senoritas in their own language. After all, nothing impresses a girl more than a man who can

handle a native tongue.

To help you, Casio have come up with a five-language translator that can give you the right words for "Come back to my place" in English, French, Spanish, German and Italian. It plugs into their SF95000 electronic diary, a sort of microchip filofax that can hold 3,000 phone numbers, contains a 100 year calendar and a digital clock with a time display for over 220 cities.

So the new Eurobonker will

be able to plan his sex-life and rehearse his chat-up lines wherever he goes. Now all he has to find is an EC lay!



"Voulez vous coucher avec moi, ce soir, Mademoiselles?"

"Quieres hacer el amor conmigo, Senorita?"

PAINTED LADIES

Ibiza or bust II



Car re-sprayers who fancy touching up some more exciting bodywork should head for Spain next year. This is the venue of the Ibiza Summer Coloured Bodies Show where artists exhibit works on women...



pussies crowded the stage as the budding Botty-cells and Cunt-stables exhibited their masterpieces. The result? The eyes have it! A spectacular pair of peepers painted on the pertest points of a particularly cuddly canvas had people staring deep into her blue Spanish eyes.

Body painting, we're told, is becoming high fashion amongst daring arty-tarty types who want to look as pretty as a picture. They dispense with their clothes and walk about with just a layer of paint between them and the outside world. We don't recommend it, unless you fancy a brush with the law.



When holiday-makers on the Spanish island of Ibiza paint the town red, they do it with a difference. The curvy surfaces of Spanish señoritas are decorated all over until multi-coloured minges mingle with brightly brushed bums and boobs – an emulsional experience for painter and girl alike.

"It tickles at first, especially between my thighs," said one girl we canvassed, glossing over the details. "But the brushes feel really soft on my nipples."

Styles and subject matter varied. Cubist boobs, pre-Raphaelite posteriors and post-Impressionist



Chapter Six:

The Renaissance

On and on and on and on and on goes the tumbling Time Machine set on a collision course with the present. This month Tefal-head himself, Professor Stefan Backwards, twiddles the knobs and stops off for some born-again banter at the Renaissance...

Renaissance means 're-birth' and the period 1300-1500 was indeed a time when mankind came out from the black tunnel of the Dark Ages, bloody and wrinkled as a baby in a Benetton ad, to be held up by his feet and given a sharp whack on the bottom by a mysterious masked figure. I speak metaphorically of course, for the spanker in question was no flesh and blood character, but the glimmering spectre we know today as 'man's thirst for knowledge'.

Yes, man had at last emerged from the Middle Ages, where a complicated argument meant hitting someone with two clubs simultaneously and wit was merely a bank holiday in early summer. Now, for the first time, he began to quest for answers and explanations: why is the sky blue? How does the blood pump round the body? Why do hot dogs come in tins of ten when the buns come twelve to a pack? What am I doing here? (Evidently trying to fill as much space as possible with a list of stupid questions. Get on with it — The Editor).

Three Great Men of Renaissance Belgium

Flem Van Der Koff – First man ever to tell a joke by starting at the punchline and working backwards from there. The pay off in question was: "And the art collector said, 'Never mind the drawers, luv, let's have a peep at your Titians!'"

Wally De Loon – Multi-talented inventor. His legacies include: corduroy, the colour beige, polyveldt shoes and a series of amusing devices to stick on your car. Also wrote the first sit-com – "with predictably hilarious consequences!"

Jan Plonker – Painted the famous Plonker Murals on the wall of the Palais Des Accounts, Antwerp. Whilst other painters focused on scenes from the Bible or Greek mythology, Plonker chose "A dozen interesting events from the Bought Ledger Department". The most famous section is perhaps "The day Mr Appleyard lost his pencil".

Worked Up into a Total Firenze

Fittingly it was around the Ancient seat of the Caesars that mankind once again breathed in the pungent whiff of civilization. And what a heady draught it must have been! For, from the Tuscan city we know as Florence, but which the Italians call Firenze in order to disassociate themselves from a large-headed character in 'The Magic Roundabout', there emerged a stream of brilliant artists: Raphael, Michelangelo, Leonardo, Donatello, Zeppo, Harpo, Chico and Groucho; many of whom would go on to eat radio-active slime and mutate in the sewers of New York. This, though, would come later, for the moment they contented themselves with sculpture and painting. And marketing their exclusive range of action toys, underpants and bubble bath.

Of all these fine artists, undoubtedly the greatest was Michelangelo. His Sistine Chapel roof is magnificent – the tiles are totally straight and the rendering is as smooth as Sherilyn Fenn's inner thigh. No wonder the sight of it inspired Chuck Berry to write his hit song *Sweet Little Sistine*. Admittedly Michelangelo did blot his copybook a bit with the interior decoration – all cherubs and clouds and naked musclemen (a right creation, in fact). Why he couldn't have settled for a nice bit of flock wallpaper is anybody's guess.

Michelangelo's other masterwork is his statue of David. Some critics have pointed out that this famous sculpture is a little under proportioned in certain areas. However, if these so-called experts had been standing naked in a draughty old piazza for 500 years, I dare say they'd be looking a little shrivelled.

Michelangelo's most bitter rival was Raphael. Raphael was the greatest love of the Renaissance. So popular was he amongst the ladies of Rome, that they organized a competition to win a pair of his underpants. A local paper announced the event under the headline, 'Women Institute Raphael Prize Drawers'.

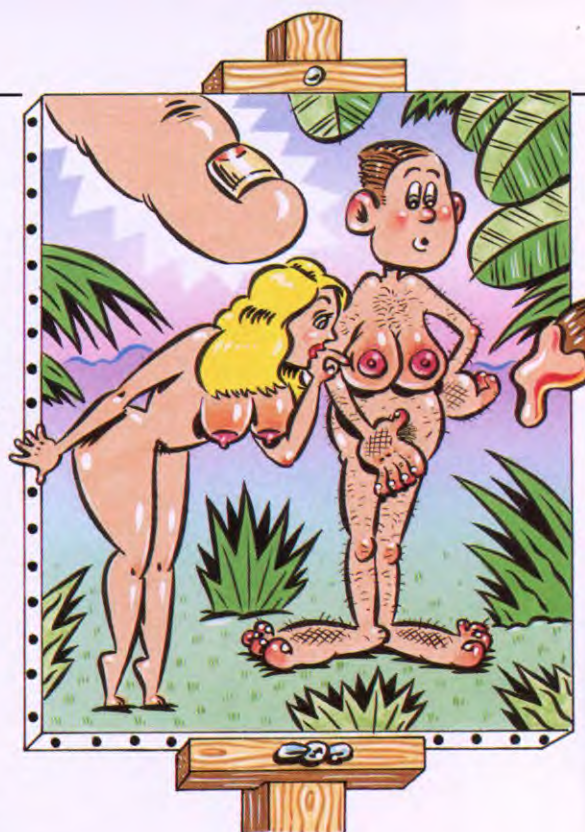
Despite the strenuous endeavours of Michelangelo and Raphael neither man managed to produce the most famous painting of the period. This honour was

claimed by Leonardo Da Vinci with his Mona Lisa. For centuries men have puzzled over this lady's enigmatic smirk. What is she smiling at? Was she having an affair with the artist? Had she just farted silently and got away with it? Or has Leonardo left his flies undone and exposed his ciaruscuro? We will never know. Another mystery about this painting is that it is sometimes called the *Giaconda*, despite the fact that no large South American snakes are visible.

Lesser Known Painters of the Renaissance

Fondello – All the great artists have their obsessions: Michelangelo was fascinated with muscle formations; Leonardo with the mechanical workings of the human body and Fondello with gigantic bazookas. This is clearly reflected in his work which includes: *God Creates Adam (And Gives Him A Whopping Pair Of Knockers By Mistake)*, *Mona Lisa Gets Her Jugs Out* and an unusual version of the *Last Supper* set in a topless bar in Sienna. **Cellobotti** – Cellobotti came at his work, and indeed his women, from quite a different angle. This is reflected by his masterpieces which are: *Venus Rising From The Sea And Bending Down To Tickle A Starfish*, *Eve Picks The Apple* featuring a bonsai apple tree, and a rendering of *The Three Graces* in which the naked trio appear to be searching the ground for a lost contact lens.

El Jello – Born in Spain, this brilliant artist made his name in Venice where his audacious mix of line, form, nudity and sloppy desserts went down a bundle with the Doge. His mural at the Doge's Palace features such memorable scenes as: *Venus Rising From The Trifle*, *Mona Lisa Goes Custard!* and a version of *The Fall Of Man* in which Adam and Eve have covered their privates, not with fig leaves, but with pots of chocolate mousse.



Land of a Thousand Dantes

Leonardo Da Vinci was not just a great artist he was also an inventor. Indeed he was pretty much the Clive Sinclair of the Quattrocento; forever coming up with brilliant, but completely impractical, inventions – a flying machine, a submarine, dehydrated water and a tiny electric car that fitted snugly under the wheels of a lorry. Leonardo was also a keen naturalist, botanist and exhibitionist.

Leonardo was a classic example of what we know today as Renaissance man. Perhaps the best summary of which was provided by Hugo Ego-Massager, editor of the 14th century's most popular magazine 'GHQ' (Gentlemen's Hind Quarterly) who wrote: 'Modern man likes art and sex; guys with large peccs; exploratory quests; boys in vests; a pretty new outfit and reading horseshit'. So obviously nothing much has changed when it comes to the readers of glossy men's style magazines.

One of GHQ's most popular contributors was the Florentine poet Dante. Dante wrote 'The Inferno' which was a massive success. The sequel 'Towering Inferno' was even more popular. Dante also wrote 'The Divine Comedy', a history of Aldershot FC.

But Renaissance man was also a great debater. Indeed there was nothing he liked better than to have a mass debate with friends.

A typical discussion went something like

A Herd of Wild Borgias

Through all his debating Renaissance man came to discover many facts about human existence and the world in which we live: the earth is round; the heart pumps blood round the body and no matter how hard you try, the top of the Tippex bottle always gets clogged up with little white bits. One of the greatest scientists of the age was Copernicus. Copernicus was named after his mother who would drop her pants if you gave her a penny. Copernicus worked out that the earth revolves around the Sun. Something which greatly cheered Rupert Murdoch.

The other great thinker of the 14th Century was Galileo. Galileo calculated that, as there was no wind on the moon, a feather and hammer dropped at the same time would hit the ground simultaneously. Blimey! No wonder they had him locked up. Who knows what he'd have discovered next.

But of course the Renaissance wasn't all just art, invention and poncing about in hats that look like a cow crapped them: there was also a good deal of mindless violence. The city states of Italy were perpetually at war. Large armies, usually made up of Swiss mercenaries, marched around the place beating the shit out of one another with cuckoo clocks and giant Toblerones.

Pride of place amongst all the ruthless and tyrannical families of Italy must go to



this: Gino: "The earth is round!"

Luigi: "Don't be ridiculous! If the earth was round all the seas would run down the sides and drip onto the, er... whatever it is that's underneath."

Gino: "The sky!"

Luigi: "You daft git! The sky's above the earth, anybody can see that."

Gino: "Oh let's forget about the shape of the earth and invent something that removes the hair from women's legs?"

Luigi: "Great!"

Gino: "No, I think that would be rather painful."

the Borgias. The Borgias were so evil they make the Krays seem like the Brady Bunch. They were aided in their schemes by an unscrupulous philosopher, Machiavelli. His name and the fact that he was a total bastard have lead many historians to conclude that Machiavelli was the first recorded Scotsman. This is an outrageous slur. He was nowhere near as mean.

The most evil of the Borgias was Lucretia. Lucretia was very much the Keith Floyd of her day. Her beef stew contained more additives than Ben Johnson and was likely to have you sprinting for the toilet just as quickly. Her most famous creation was the belladonna kebab. Suffice to say this poisonous concoction was nowhere near as deadly as the modern doner.

LETTERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20

We went out for dinner, and by the time we left the restaurant it was quite dark. I'd left the car parked in a quiet side street, and we sat there talking for a while and playing soft music. As I went to turn

the key in the ignition, Jacqui put her hand over mine and smiled naughtily.

"Let's not go yet," she said. "I've got a little surprise for you." And with that, she began to slide her skirt up over her thighs. Under her dark



suit, my normally conservative wife was wearing sheer black stockings, frilly garters, and scarlet satin panties!

I was pretty shocked, and also incredibly turned on, as Jacqui took my hand and placed it over her pussy mound. I could feel her juice seeping through the satin, and she moaned as I stroked her firmly.

"I've been horny all evening thinking about fucking you right here in the car," she admitted. When we first met, we often used to do it in my car, or downstairs in her parent's house, and the risk of getting caught really made it seem thrilling. I could feel my cock swelling in my trousers as the memories came flooding back.

Jacqui unzipped my flies and pulled out my pole. Her red lips wrapped around it and she started to suck, running her tongue up and down it to drive me crazy. Then she pushed my seat down so I was lying on my back, slipped her panties off and straddled me. She rubbed my cock all around her pussy lips so it was sticky with her juice, before she sank down on me and began to ride me. We both came at the same time, and we gave the car's suspension a pretty good beating in the process!

Jacqui left her panties off, and the way she kept fingering her cunt as I drove home had me ready for a very energetic session by the time we got inside. It was the best anniversary present I've ever had! Michael, Blackpool

DOUBLE DELIGHT

My girlfriend has had a few lezzie relationships in the past, and I always get very horny when she tells me about them. But I never thought I'd be lucky enough to actually see her in action, until she found herself a new hairdresser!

Carole called around to our place one night while I was out with my mates. I expected to come home and find my girlfriend Sandra with a smart new hairdo; instead I found her rolling around naked on the bed with Carole!

The two of them looked really good together. Carole has long blonde hair and a slim, athletic body, while Sandra is small and dark, with big boobs. The sight of Carole rubbing and fondling Sandra's tits and fingering her fanny

had my cock bursting to be free of my jeans.

The girls suddenly noticed me standing there, but they didn't care, they were both so aroused. When they got into a 69 and I saw Sandra holding Carole's plump pussy lips apart, so she could get her tongue right inside, I gave up all attempts to restrain myself, and started to wank myself off. I shot my load when Carole pulled a big dildo out of her handbag and slid it into Sandra's wet cunt, pumping it in and out until my girlfriend came.

Now Carole and Sandra put on

CONTINUED ON PAGE 42



'Hot-lips', that's my nick name



Not exactly what you'd call subtle, is she?



Isn't anyone coming to the pub for a Christmas drink?

ORIFICE PARTY

Office cartoonist Anthony has a funny idea of what goes on at Christmas parties. Perhaps he's been to too many Mayfair bashes!



You're jumping the gun, aren't you? The party doesn't start for another two days



I told you they wouldn't notice that we don't work here



**The Chairman screwing the arse off your wife
won't do your promotion prospects any harm,
will it, Tom?**



C'mon you two — you're missing all the fun!



Ahem!

QUEST

THE LABORATORY OF HUMAN RESPONSE

The party season often leads people to lose their inhibitions and experiment sexually in a way which they would never normally countenance. Quest speaks to three respondents who have enjoyed being able to really let their hair down at a party

PERSONAL FILE

Name... Miss H

Sex... Female

Age... 22

Town of origin...

Bath

Other

details... This single woman recently lost her virginity at an office party while indulging in group sex with three men.



Quest: It seems quite a large step, going from being a virgin to having group sex as your very first sexual experience. Was that a conscious decision on your part?

Miss H: I did make a conscious decision to lose my virginity at that particular party, yes. In fact, I was absolutely desperate to do so! The only reason that I hadn't had sex before was that I'd never found anyone I really loved, or really wanted to have sex with. I suppose I was trying to save myself for my husband or some ridiculous romantic notion like that. God knows where I got that idea from!

But I reached the age of 22 and I'd still not experienced sex, and I began to think that it was a bit pointless waiting, when all I

could think about was sex and what it would be like. I'd spend hours dreaming of how a man would undress me and then himself, and I'd see his straining prick sticking up towards his navel, the end all sticky with the juices that'd be leaking out because I was arousing him. And then I'd imagine his knob-end parting my love lips and pushing inch by delicious inch up into my quim, making me squirm with pleasure as he hit that sensuous little G-spot, thrusting up and down and side to side right up into me until I couldn't stop myself from climaxing over and over.

Quest: You certainly talk as if you had some sexual knowledge before the night you're going to tell us about.



Miss H: Oh yes, I had some knowledge, because I'd done all the usual things you do when you're experimenting with your sexuality, like being felt up in the back of cars, feeling a young guy's hot fingers pushing up into my wet cunny and having his mouth on my boobs, nibbling my nipples until I came, that kind of thing. I'd gone down on several blokes and felt myself something of an expert at blow-jobs after seeing their reaction, and I loved feeling a guy going down on me and pressing his wet mouth around my little clit so that he could make me wet before putting his tongue up me.

But despite all that, I still hadn't had full sex. I'd always stopped short of that, for the reasons that I described earlier. However, I knew I wasn't going to be able to hold out much longer — my needs were getting desperate, and I was finding that I was masturbating about five times a day just to try and relieve the frustration.

My saving came when the

personnel supervisor at work told me that one of the Managing Directors was retiring and would be having a big party to celebrate, to which every employee of the company was invited. I decided that that night, when everyone would be looking for a bit of excitement for the evening, I would make my move. And believe me, there were plenty of men to choose from, as everyone I worked with seemed intent on really letting their hair down.

I soon got the attention of Allan, one of the guys who works in the next office to me. To be honest I never noticed him much, though now I thought he was quite handsome and would do very well for what I had in mind. All I wanted was a man — any man — to just come along and give me the good fucking I was craving.

I soon had Allan in a dark corner and we were kissing passionately, my legs almost wrapped around his crotch, my hand fondling his throbbing cock and his fingers inching



their way up the insides of my thighs to find my moist quim. It was only a minute later that he whispered that we should go into the boardroom if we wanted a little more privacy.

By this time I could hardly wait. I knew I was about to fuck my first bloke and all I could think of was him burying his fat prick inside my love-hole. What I hadn't bargained for was what happened when we arrived at the boardroom — though I was delighted with the surprise that Allan had fixed up!

"There's a few other blokes who've always fancied you as well as me," he told me as he cleared the big boardroom table, "so I asked them to come up. I hope that was OK? They want to watch."

The idea of having three guys watching as I spread my legs on

the door as they saw me get on my knees and start sucking Allan's straining cock, blowing on it with little hot breaths before taking the whole length right into my mouth and sucking on it firmly.

"Do it to her from behind!" Allan urged them, excitedly. "Can't you see she needs a good fucking?"

"It'd better be a good one too," I paused for a moment in mid blow-job. "It's the first one I've ever had!"

Immediately there was a rush, a swishing of clothing and a huge panting as three guys clamoured to be the first guy in the world to fuck my juicy pussy. I was still sucking Allan, harder than before, as he fed his prick into my eager mouth, sticking my small buttocks into the air and silently pleading for

but long, and I could feel it really penetrating me deeply as I almost bit Allan's prick in sexual ecstasy. I stopped myself just in time and instead sucked powerfully, and was rewarded by Allan spraying his thick come into my mouth. I swallowed it eagerly as he withdrew and sprayed another glob on to my face. My tongue was working overtime as I struggled to lick it all off and swallow it. I was overcome with the sheer dirty delight of the whole situation.

Kelvin's thin prick was still pumping up and down inside me as I knelt there on the floor, and to my surprise I felt it being joined inside my soaking wet cunny by another cock! Dave was kneeling next to his friend, pulling my quim lips as far open as they would stretch in order to put his cock inside me at the same time! I was being fucked



came or not, although I guess they must have because when I stood up, exhausted, sticky come just dripped down my thighs and coated my pubes.

Quest: We can safely assume that you enjoyed your first sexual experience then?

Miss H: I've never felt that aroused again since, to be honest. I've never regretted doing it either; in fact, I can't wait to get into another multiple partner situation, but it seems that most people are shyer than me about it, especially in the context of a normal sexual encounter. For example, that night I didn't get fucked by Allan — that happened a couple of weeks later. It was a wonderful fuck too, but when I suggested to Allan that we might repeat the group sex experience, he seemed horrified!

Perhaps I'll just have to be patient and wait for another party to come around — it certainly made me lose my inhibitions, so maybe it might work on other people at the same time. I certainly hope so!

Quest: Thank you.

"His fingers were busy playing with my clit"

the mahogany table and let Allan push his stiff prick into me made me so wet I couldn't wait until they arrived from the party a couple of floors below. I needed to get going right then.

"How about we give them something to look at as soon as they walk in?" I grinned back at Allan, and he flushed with lust. He couldn't believe his luck.

The next minute I'd flung my clothes off and was standing totally naked in the middle of the boardroom, my fingers busily playing with my clit, working myself up into a real lather. I parted my thighs further, pulling my lips apart so that Allan got a good view inside my juicy hole, and his eyes were popping out of his head as he shed his clothes and showed me his prick for the first time. At that moment the door was flung open and three of his colleagues, Dave, Kelvin and Warren, stood there.

I don't think they could believe what was in front of their eyes, but they quickly shut

someone to grasp them as they entered me from behind.

What seemed like an eternity later I, at last, felt the tip of a moderately sized prick poking into the entrance to my cunny, pushing its way slowly inside. Still sucking Allan's prick frantically, I reached down between my legs and pulled my cunny lips as far apart as I could to ease that prick right in. As it filled me I felt so sexy and triumphant that I came right away as the guy behind (I later discovered it was Warren) fucked me fast and hard. God, it really felt great to be filled up with good, hard cock at last — the feeling of ecstasy was indescribable, even though it was only a moderately good fuck in reality.

"Another! Another!" I yelled as Warren pulled out, and over my shoulder I could see that Kelvin was eagerly pushing into me as soon as Warren had withdrawn, his prick dripping with his own come and my juices. Kelvin's cock was thin



by two cocks simultaneously, which I'd never thought was possible until it was done to me!

The feeling was totally unbelievable, and I just knelt on the floor in sexual heaven, coming again and again as the twin cock thrust went right up inside me. I was coming so hard and often that I honestly didn't notice if either of the two guys



QUEST

THE LABORATORY OF HUMAN RESPONSE

Quest: You say that you've recently enjoyed your first experience of lesbian group sex — but you'd been having an affair with another woman for some time, hadn't you?

Mrs W: That's right. After my husband left me for a younger woman, I just had no confidence left, and was at a really low ebb. I became friends with a woman who I met through the evening classes that I teach: she was one of my pupils. I was doing an

PERSONAL FILE

Name... Mrs W

Sex... Female

Age... 31

Town of

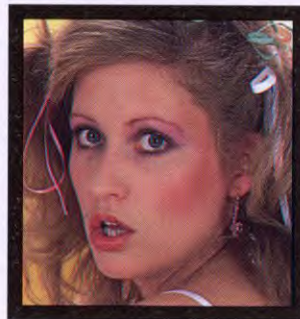
origin...

Malvern

Other

details...

This photographer has been divorced for several years and has recently been initiated into lesbian group sex.



intermediate course for photography students, and Melissa was one of the best students in my class, which is how I first noticed her.

I don't know what came over me, but I went all out to seduce her. It was a terrible risk, I suppose, because I had no idea whether she was a lesbian or bisexual or if she'd just be horrified if I made any moves on her. But I must have had some sort of sixth sense, even though this was my first experience with another woman, because it turned out that

Melissa not only fancied me madly and had been waiting to make a move on me herself, but she'd had several years' experience of going to bed with other women.

Our affair has lasted for the past two years and now she's become accepted by my family and friends as my regular partner. Sex between us is incredible and I think that's because we can talk to each other really easily and tell one another our sexual fantasies, even the deepest, darkest ones which neither of us would ever consider letting anyone else have a glimpse of. It's great that when I'm astride Melissa, massaging her big boobs with my lips and tongue, or feeling her pushing her tongue up into my cunt, licking me until I'm begging her to play with my clitoris and make me come, I know that I can say to her, "Imagine that you're a man and fuck me really hard with the dildo" or even, "Be strict with me like you're a school-teacher" or something. And she's never been shocked by anything that I've suggested, and we've always experimented with what the other wants to do in bed.

Quest: So the incident that you're going to tell us about came about as a result of your pillow talk?

Mrs W: Yes, that's right. I think we'd both been thinking about it for some time, but I know that I'd certainly had this sexual scenario in my head where we were both at a party and allowed ourselves to be seduced by a group of other women who

we'd never met before. I suppose it's the old idea of sex with a stranger being exciting. I just wanted to be at a party where my eyes connected with another woman's across the room, we went upstairs to make love and were joined by Melissa and someone who *she'd* picked up. When I revealed this fantasy to Melissa, it tallied closely with one of her own fantasies, so we set about planning how we could actually experience this.

Melissa has a lot of lesbian friends, and when one of them, Sandy, told her that she was having a 30th birthday party we knew that there wouldn't be a better opportunity to put our plans into action.

It was surprisingly easy. We separated once we arrived, but kept an eye on each other so that we could see how things were progressing. It was so arousing knowing that every time I got chatting to someone Melissa was watching me. I soon paired off with a woman called Sue, and as we walked upstairs my cunt was wet with longing for her strong hands to part the folds of my love hole and her fingers to be pushed inside me and frig me until I was begging for mercy. I knew that as soon as we found a dark corner of the landing something was going to happen, and it did.

Sue leaned me against the wall and bent down to pull my shirt dress up around my waist, exposing my panties and,



pushing them aside, she ran her fingers through my pubes before burying her tongue inside me.

That was too much for me — I came then. I was being tongue-fucked by a complete stranger in the middle of a party, where anyone could stumble upon us, and it excited the hell out of me!

Sue was busily bringing me off for the third time, using her tongue to find erogenous spots I hadn't even thought existed,

to the two newcomers. I shrugged out of my dress and peeled off my panties, touching my cunt with my fingers as the others watched. I could see that they were all horny as hell, but they were still holding back.

Melissa decided to start things off. Pulling Karen to her, she started kissing her, running her hands up the inside of her new lover's thighs as she did so, tickling her cunt until Karen was grinding their crotches

“I lay back on the bed, parting my legs to expose my cunt lips”

when Melissa came upon us as we'd planned all along. She had in tow a really pretty girl of 22 who I later found out was called Karen. They'd obviously been kissing because they both had their clothing disarranged and lipstick everywhere. The thought of them being downstairs almost fucking in public while I was upstairs with my casual pick-up was so arousing. I'd never thought I'd ever behave so brazenly in my life.

We stumbled into the tiny spare room. Immediately I wanted to get out of my clothes, to strip off and show my body

together hard. I lay back on the bed, parting my legs to expose my cunt lips and the soaking wet cunt walls underneath. All I wanted was to feel myself filled up by a tongue or fingers.

Sue soon got the hint, because she knelt between my legs on the bed, still wearing all her clothes, and pulled out a small silver tipped dildo from her pocket. I shivered as she ran the tip of it around the entrance to my cunt and then plunged it in with one thrust as she lay on top of me and teased my nipples with her teeth and tongue.

She'd soon set up a rhythm which was making my hips and mound thrust up to meet hers, and the fact that she was still dressed meant that I was rubbing against the material, which turned me on even more feeling the friction. Little orgasms were rippling through me, and I closed my eyes and revelled in the sensations.

Melissa and Karen had been standing watching and frigging each other as they struggled to strip off, and then we were into a real free-for-all on the bed, with legs and arms and bare cunts everywhere. I ended up licking Karen's cunt while Melissa knelt between my legs and licked me out furiously, at the same time having her lips teased by the dildo that was still pulsing in and out of me. I was at the centre of everything and just lay there, taking it all and



enjoying it all.

Quest: Did you take turns and change places?

Mrs W: Oh yes, everyone had their turn at being on the bottom and found it almost as much of a turn-on being the one on the top wielding the dildo or doing the cunt-licking as it was to be the one having everything done to me! I loved watching Melissa being fucked and sucked by the two other girls too, that was really fantastic.

After that we went home and fucked into the early hours, reliving our experiences and talking right the way through the whole thing, telling each other in minute detail how we'd felt being licked by Karen, or taking the dildo from Sue. And the experience has led to Melissa and I experimenting like that again — once we even picked up two other lesbians in a pub in the next town and took them home to bed with us, videoing the whole thing. We've had some great times watching that video over and over again.

Quest: So your sex life has moved onto a higher plane really, since your party trick was put into operation?

Mrs W: Yes, though if we hadn't been at a party where I didn't really know anyone I would never have had the nerve to do that at all. The thing about it was that no one knew me, so I could just feel my inhibitions melting away.

Quest: Thank you.



QUEST

THE LABORATORY OF HUMAN RESPONSE

Quest: When did you first realise that your sexual appetite was not normal — that you needed far more sex than most women do?

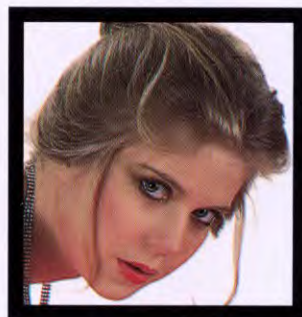
Mrs E: It was when I was in my early 20s, I suppose. All my friends were just starting to settle down with the boyfriends they'd been going out with for several years, and getting married and such like. I'd been going out with the same guy for a while too, but even then I was having sex with a lot of other men as well. At first I felt bad because I hadn't told Gary, but in the end I think he guessed, or



PERSONAL FILE

Name... Mrs E
Sex... Female
Age... 25
Town of origin... Colchester

Other details... This shop assistant has a voracious sexual appetite which she satisfies by having many sexual encounters with different men, with the consent of her husband.



else found out — after all, I'd slept with most of his friends!

The thing is that my sexual urges are so strong that I just can't hold back, and if a man makes a pass at me I just have to take him up on it. The first time it happened was when I'd just started work at the supermarket and one of the assistant managers made a pass at me quite out of the blue. The next thing I knew his hands were down inside my knickers in the stock room and I had his lovely, fat, straining cock in my hand, wanking him for all I was worth until he spunked into my palm and I licked it off in front of his amazed eyes.

He brought me off with his fingers, stroking my love button until I orgasmed, but I wanted more. Even though I was going out with Gary by then and there was a chance that he might find out, I knew that I had to fuck this manager. And I did! Feeling his cock, semi-hard but hard enough for me to get it inside my cunt and ride it, pushing its way up into my pussy as we stood there just with our uniforms pushed aside right there in the stock room, was blissful. That kind of sex — hurried, sneaky, snatched — became what I wanted and needed, and over the next few years, while all the time going out with Gary, I managed to fuck about 35 different guys like that, sometimes people I knew and sometimes strangers. *Quest:* So how did it come about that you became involved

with group sex?

Mrs E: As you might have guessed, one man at a session was soon not enough for me. That was when I had to confess my urges to Gary. He was shocked, or pretended to be, at

me sucking and fucking the others, and that'd be enough of a treat for them anyway!

It was easy to fix up — Gary just invited a load of his mates from work down, and of course they brought their mates, and so on. We told them that it was just a regular party, so they'd all assumed that there'd be other women there — but all they got when they arrived in twos and threes was the sight of me opening the door to them, dressed in just my kinky underwear set of bra with the cups cut out so that my hard little nipples were on full view, just asking to be sucked and fondled, and knickers that virtually didn't exist, they were cut so high and deep into my cunt. By the time I was answering the door they were soaked.

I reckon about 30 guys must have turned up, and they all sat in our lounge in the half light, obviously wondering what was going on. Gary didn't explain, he just stood there and waited



first, but after a time he became used to the idea of me having sex with other men, and now it turns him on a lot. I remember the first time he watched me fucking another man — he was so aroused he came before the other bloke did!

Gradually we started talking about me getting involved in a group situation, and that's when we had the idea that we should hold a party and just invite men so that I could take my pick of them and have sex with any that I wanted. We figured that even if I didn't pick some of the guys, they'd be able to watch

for me to start the show that I was going to give them. I was trembling with excitement as I stood in the centre of the room and announced, "I'm a woman who needs a good fucking, and I need it now. Which of you is going to take me on first?"

None of them could quite believe it, and there was a lot of embarrassed shuffling and people looking at the floor. But I could also see a lot of cocks straining under flies and guys looking as if they wanted to grab their tools and wank themselves.

The sense of power I got as I



stood there was incredible. I just walked forward and picked out one guy at random, pulling him to his feet and yanking his fly down almost in the same movement. His cock sprang out and immediately I knelt down and started sucking and stroking it with my soft hands, really caressing his balls too. I could feel they were brimming with come.

As I knelt there I pushed my bum into the air and the next thing I could feel was my buttocks being stroked by two or three pairs of hands and my pussy lips being prised apart so that a long cock could be pushed up and into me. I didn't know whose it was and I didn't care — that made the whole thing even better!

While I was getting fucked the guy I was giving the blow-job to was getting increasingly desperate to come. I could tell by the way he was really pushing his groin against my mouth hard and fast. He came in my mouth and I just about had time to swallow his creamy load before the next cock was between my lips and I was sucking that too, even gently nibbling the shaft with my teeth as I did so. What a feeling to have those guys just queueing up for me.

The cock that had been thrusting my pussy up and down unloaded its come into me and was quickly replaced by another — while the guy who'd just shot his load inside me wiped his sticky tool over my bum

cheeks for good measure! I was coming every few minutes, having big powerful orgasms which would have had me reeling if I'd been able to — but

hour, but it must have been more than ten. My pussy was aching and wetter than it had ever been, but I loved every minute of it. After that I turned

“My pussy was aching and wetter than it had ever been”

I was so aroused and getting such a good cock-fuck and mouth-fuck that all I could concentrate on was that.

I don't know how many men I screwed within the next half

over and lay on my back in the middle of the room with my legs in the air, pulling my own pussy lips apart so that every man in the room could have a really good view inside my

pussy hole. Loads of them were just standing there with their cocks out, wanking themselves off, none of them taking their eyes off me. Now I wanted to be fucked in my favourite position — with my legs up on someone's shoulders, and who better to do that than Gary?

He shrugged out of his clothes and stood in front of me naked before dropping down to his knees and kissing his way up my legs until he got to my pussy. Then lifting my legs onto his shoulders so that my pelvis was right off the floor, he gripped my bum and slid his cock into me.

I was already wet and juicy from all the fucking that I'd had before, and he was wearing a condom too, so all I could do was centre my body on the sensation of the thin rubber pushing through all the juices and come that were dripping out of me. I'd never felt him slide up me so expertly or smoothly before and the feeling was unbelievable. I was practically screaming the place down as I had a huge orgasm and just kept on coming. From the noise in the room there were a lot of guys coming right then as well, although I couldn't see because my eyes were closed shut, just revelling in the whole horny situation.

I was a little sore the next day, but that was definitely the best sexual experience I've ever had. Nothing else has satisfied me quite so much since.

Quest: Thank you. **M**

